An Unfortunate Illustration.

One of St. Joseph's able orators once accepted an invitation to speak at a Fourth of July celebration in a neighboring town. Unfortunately the enterprising weekly in the said village saw the point and that is what hastened the orator's vacation. The celebration was all that was desired, and the orator saw his opportunity and made the best of it. He was in the midst of his oration when a point was reached where the growth of these great United States was described. To make the effect more forcible the speaker pointed to a woman in the crowd who held a babe in her arms. In a flight of impassioned oratory he exclaimed:

"Look at that innocent babe as it nestles in its mother's arms. Just as it draws nourishment from its mother's breast to sustain life, so has the country drawn aid and support from the people who are upholding its integrity and honor."

The orator observed that the woman with the infant in her arms turned red, white and blue in the face, but he took it to be a genuine outburst of patriotism. A second glance, however, indicated that something was wrong. At the conclusion of the address the orator was advised by well meaning friends to keep out of the way of the woman to whom he had directed his remarks. Inquiry brought out the fact that she was a confirmed old maid who had not spoken to a man for at least seven years. She was merely holding the baby for one of her neighbors. It is reported that the speechmaker of the day got his hat and walking stick and soon severed his connection with the assemblage. In the future it may be wagered upon that the orator will hew close to his text.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

Graves of the Klondike.

Although there are very few people in the country one is continually surprised at first by perceiving a solitary white tent standing on some prominent point or cliff which overlooks the river. At first this looks cheerful, and we sent many a hearty hail across the water to such habitations, but our calls were never answered, for these are not the dwellings of the living, but of the dead. Inside each of these tents, which are ordinarily made of white cloth, though sometimes of woven matting, is a dead Indian, and near him are laid his rifle, snowshoes, ornaments and other personal effects. I do not think the custom of leaving these articles at the graves implies any belief that they will be used by the dead man in another world, but simply signifies that he will have no more use for the things which were so dear and necessary to him in life—just as, among ourselves, articles which have been used by some dead friend are henceforth laid aside and used no longer. These dwellings of the dead are always put in prominent positions, commanding as broad and fair a view as can be obtained. At Pelly we saw several Indian graves which were surrounded by hewn palings, rudely and fantastically painted, and sometimes by poles.—Outing.

Why a Swelling Follows a Blow.

The swelling which follows from a blow is nature's effort to protect the part from further injury and to keep it at rest while repair is going on. What actually takes place at the seat of injury is not even now quite understood. The injury to the smaller blood vessels interferes with the flow of blood through them and the white corpuscles, with part of the serum, the watering part of the blood, escape into the surrounding tissues. At the same time the blood vessels in the neighborhood dilate and the increased flow of blood with the thoroughfare obstructed increases the swelling.

It is probable that the white corpuscles of the blood pass into the tissues to assist in the repair, as bees or ants assemble at an injury to their storehouse, but with this difference, that the substance of the corpuscles is probably converted into the tissue of repair. From one point of view the human body is only one gigantic colony of individuals and the swelling that follows injury but the rush of these to repair the breach.—Philadelphia Times.

Trusty Servant.

In the "Land of an African Sultan," Walter B. Harris describes the traits of Selim, a servant fully devoted to his master's interests. An incident in illustration is cited:

I had been telling a story, half from imagination, half from an old fable. The men had listened in breathless silence.

"Is it true?" one of them asked.

Before I had time to say anything Selim had given the answer.

"Yes," he said, "it is true."

"How do you know?" asked one.

"Because I was there and saw it all," responded Selim.

I was staggered. I had exaggerated the story, which was not true at all, and was rather proud of the effect it had produced on the men, but Selim's ready lie took my breath away.

Raising Chickens.

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen of eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen.

Neighbor—So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.

Little Girl—No, ma'am, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that's going to set, an ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.—Household Words.

Lunatic Artists.

Perhaps the most remarkable art exhibit in the world is that of the lunatics in the Ville-Evrard asylum in Paris. Most of the patients in the asylum have been painters or designers, and the physician in charge inaugurated a "salon" of their works. The effect on the minds of the patient is said to be excellent.

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The Adventures of a Picture.

We have heard of the adventures of a guinea. The story of a painting brought to Rome by Queen Christina of Sweden is not less interesting. The subject is Leda and her attendant nymphs attacked in a bath by swans. It was painted 367 years ago for the Duke of Mantua, and given by him to the Emperor Charles V. Philippa II took it from Italy to Spain. It was bought there by the sculptor Leone Leoni, who sold it to a picture dealer for the collection of the Emperor Rodolph II. The Swedes took it, with other spoils of the Seven Years' war, to Stockholm, where Christina took a fancy to it and with other treasures transported it to Rome. She left it to Cardinal Azzolino, who died a few months after it was handed over to him. It passed on to his nephew, and was sold by him to Prince Livio Odescalchi, who left it to a cousin, Prince Bardassene Odescalchi, who sold it to the Duc d'Orleans, regent of France.

His son Louis, duc d'Orleans, a pious prince, thought the head of Leda too pagan, and had it cut out. Coypel bought the painting and painted in a head from memory. He sold it to Pasquin, a collector, who sold it at a large profit to Frederick the Great. Marshal Davout took it from a Prussian palace and brought it back to Paris. It was there restored and given back to the king of Prussia in 1815. The head fell off the canvas on the way and a new head was inserted by Schlesinger. The picture is now in the possession of the German emperor, who is fascinated by the swans. As he likes to think himself a Lohengrin, this is as it should be. The curious thing is that the artist's name has not gone down to posterity, though the picture has been famous for so many centuries.—Paris Cor. London Truth.

Garlic.

About three-quarters of the garlic used in this country is imported from Italy. It comes in hampers containing about 110 pounds each. Garlic is raised in this country in Connecticut, in Louisiana, in Texas and in New Mexico. All garlic, both imported and American, is put up in strings or bunches something like the bunches in which onions were once commonly sold in this country, but much longer. American garlic is shipped in crates and barrels. Some from the far southwest comes in long cylindrical baskets.

Garlic is sold by the pound or by the single bulb, which is sold for a penny. In its commercial form, whole and dry, garlic does not yield the strong smell for which it is famous. In a wholesale produce establishment, where garlic was stacked up in quantities, there was no noticeable odor from it, bt if one of the several smaller bulbs of which each root is composed, and which are called cloves of garlic, be broken off and broken in two, the powerful odor becomes perceptible.

The aggregate consumption of garlic in this country is large, and our exports of it to South American countries, which include American garlic and imported garlic reshipped, amount to enough to be reckoned in tons.—New York Sun.

The Duel With Morgan O'Connell.

Alvanley's rare appearances in the house of lords made his best friends regret that he did not take an active part in politics. He showed himself a good and effective speaker, with an exceptional knowledge of Irish politics, on which he wrote a very able pamphlet. An awkward question he put to Lord Melbourne led to the memorable duel with Morgan O'Connell. The question irritated O'Connell pere, and, with his customary truculent coarseness, he denounced Alvanley in the commons as a bloated buffoon. As usual, there was some truth in it to give sting to the invective, but in any case the insult must have been followed by a challenge. The agitator declined to come out, and Alvanley threatened personal chastisement. Thereupon Morgan took up the glove on his father's behalf in a letter characterized by his father's scurrility.

They met, to exchange sundry shots and to part scatheless, but without any apology. Alvanley observed afterward: "What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be to miss such a fat fellow as I am! He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in."—Cornhill Magazine.

What Was Hurt.

Many stories are told of the witty retorts made by a certain judge who died a few years ago, and among them is one which proves that his wit did not desert him in the most trying circumstances.

One day as he was walking down the steps which led from his town house he slipped, lost his footing and fell with many thumps and bumps to the bottom. A passerby hurried up to the judge as the latter slowly rose to his feet.

"I trust your honor is not seriously hurt?" he said in anxious inquiry.

"My honor is not at all hurt," returned the judge with a rueful expression, "but my elbows and knees are, I can assure you."—Pearson's Weekly.

Wanted an Easy Thing.

Raggles—Wot yer doin, Weary, wid de tellorscope?

Weary—Lookin fer work.

Raggles—Lookin fer work? Wot fer?

Weary—So's I kin avoid it. I wuz jest sizin up de houses round here ter see of I can strike one dat keeps a gasoline can instead of a woodpile.—Minneapolis Tribune.

French statistics show that there are now 2,150 women in France who earn their living as authors or writing for newspapers, while there are only 700 painters and sculptors of that sex. Among the writers are 1,000 novelists, 200 lyric poets and 150 who publish children's stories and educational works.

Pilgrims to the shrine of Maria Radna, at Temesvar, in Hungary, have received permission from the bishop to make the journey on bicycles.

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Musical Mexico.

One does not have to travel far or stay long in Mexico to discover that it is quite as much a musical country as any other in the world. Even the stay at home Americans, a dozen or so years ago, fancied that they had made this discovery when Mexican military bands and typical orchestras began to "tour" the United States, astonishing as well as delighting the crowds they attracted everywhere. But the truth is, the American stay at homes, with all their admiration for the music the Mexicans brought to them, gained scarcely any idea of how far the Mexicans were to be classed as a musical people. They supposed, very naturally, that the famous regiment band and the typical orchestra comprised all, or about all, that Mexico had to send abroad, that they fully represented the music of their country, and that they were probably considered prodigies in the land whence they came.

Such impressions are quickly dispelled in Mexico. The semiweekly concerts in the Zocalo, the Alameda and the Paseo, in the capital, do not suffer in the least when the Mexican war department grants one of the military bands, even the best of them, leave of absence for a tour in the United States. And as for the other cities of the republic, even such comparatively isolated towns as Jalapa, Puebla, Oaxaca, Toluca, Chihuahua, Morelia, and Guadalajara, each has at least one military band that would be likely to carry off the honors in any competition with the military bands of America.—Arthur Howard Noll in Lippincott's.

Indians With Blue Eyes.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the new world, but this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folklore tale current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

The Mexicans have never been able to conquer this people. Nominally, indeed, they are under Mexican rule, but really they are governed by their own chief, and whenever the Mexican government has interfered with them they have taken up arms, getting the best of the scrimmage every time. Their nearest Indian neighbors are the Yaquis, and these two warlike tribes have reciprocity down to a fine point. Each helps the other when the Mexicans attack them.

The Mayas live principally by the chase, although they cultivate some corn and garden truck. The men are large and well formed and some of the women are remarkably handsome blonds.—Ohio State Journal.

Thiers and the Peaches.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in an article on "Royalists and Republicans," in The Century, relates the following anecdote: M. Thiers had never lived at the Elysee, the seat of government during his presidency having been at Versailles, but his receptions had remained legendary. He retained in official life all his bourgeois habits. Jules Simon, with that delicate raillery, gentle and inimitable, which gave character to his most insignificant anecdotes, was telling me one day how M. Thiers, at a large breakfast, had drawn toward him a fruit dish which ornamented the middle of the table, and in which were some choice peaches, and had prepared to sever one of these, saying to his neighbor, "Shall I give you half of my peach?" Mme. Thiers had been looking at the peach with an indignant air. "I thought," said Jules Simon, "that she was angry with her husband for not having known enough to wait for the servants to pass the fruit, but that was not the trouble. Not able to contain herself longer, she exclaimed, "But, mon ami, those peaches are for dinner!" And docilely the president restored the peach to the fruit dish.

An Autograph Collection.

One of the largest collections of autographs in Connecticut is owned by William L. Ransom of Litchfield. In his selection he has confined himself mainly to the pen written letters and portraits of the members of the provincial congress, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the presidents of the United States, senators and congressmen, supreme court officials and famous army and navy officials. He has the autographs of every president. Mr. Ransom found that Andrew Johnson's autograph was the most difficult to secure, from the fact that Johnson wrote little, and, when he did write, used a lead pencil as a quill.—New York Tribune.

Law Term Explained.

"Well, proceed," said the lawyer.

"The plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence," said the witness.

"For the benefit of the jury state in plainer language exactly what you mean by that," interrupted the judge.

"Well, my meaning is that he lied."—Boston Traveler.

Russia.

Russia was a duchy until 1157, when it became a grand duchy of Wladimir, remaining such until 1328, when it was called the grand duchy of Moscow. The Russian rulers began to call themselves czars in 1462. Peter the Great assumed the title of emperor in 1689.

Future Population.

It is now stated that the world will be overpeopled at the end of 175 years. This brings us to the year 2072, when the population, at the present rate of increase, will be 5,994,000,000 people.

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Peace, Not War.

Inter arma silent leges, and the moralities are silent also. But the whole tendency of human civilization is to eliminate war or to render it more and more abnormal. Machiavellism is therefore, it would seem, reactionary politics, suited in a minor degree, it may be, to a state of things which we are outgrowing, but utterly useless and mischievous in the civilization of today. The Roman empire, which Machiavelli so greatly admired, was largely founded in bare military necessity and was sustained by conquest, but the chief modern states are founded in industry and the arts of peace, and war is with them a terrible and rare exception to a general rule of peace.

The doctrines, therefore, which were evolved by one of the most subtle of the world's thinkers, at a time when his country was rent asunder by the feuds of contending states, are utterly out of place in the conditions imposed by modern life. The state which reposes in the good will of its citizens is the most secure, and if the dread occasion should arise when it must draw the sword to defend its very existence its citizens will be the more strongly armed for the encounter because of the habit of social efficiency which has been cultivated by obedience to the doctrine that the one ground for the existence of the state lies in what Emerson has well called its "care and culture of men."—London Spectator.

London's Water Supply.

The water supply of London is enormous. It reaches 841,467 houses, and the average daily consumption is 187,580,233 gallons, or a daily average of about 33 gallons per capita in a population of 5,675,270. The area supplied is 845 square miles, and there are 5,147 miles of water pipe and 33,965 fire hydrants. Of this water 107,000,000 gallons come from the river Thames, 51,000,000 from the river Lea and the rest from springs and artesian wells. In former years there was a great deal of criticism directed against the London water supply because of its insufficient quantity and its impure quality, but since 1893, when a parliamentary commission was appointed to investigate the question, there has been no cause of complaint.

The greater part of the supply taken from the Thames comes from above Richmond, where the water is comparatively pure, and is conducted by a series of aqueducts into 54 different reservoirs, covering 580 acres, with an aggregate capacity of 1,935,100,000 gallons. From these the water is passed through 120 filtering beds, some of which absorb 1,000,000 gallons a minute. The water passes through six or seven inches of sand before it reaches the pipes, and this sand is cleaned carefully every month.—Chicago Record.

English and American Wheels.

People who have had occasion to compare American bicycles with those of British make are at once impressed with the striking differences between the two. These differences are all in the line of greater strength in the foreign wheels. This, of course, also implies more weight and clumsiness, but it is better suited to the harder use to which English machines are subjected. Steel rims, for instance, are more common there than those of wood, which are now almost universally seen in this country. The brakes, too, instead of being small, light affairs, like ours, are made for hard service, and are usually rubber lined. The saddles are large and springy, comfort never being sacrificed to weight considerations. Perhaps the most noticeable difference of all is in the mud guards, which are designed for true British weather. They are of ample size and shape and are generally made of celluloid or steel. Riders in England make little account of the weather, being accustomed not only to pedaling along in mud, but even in a rainstorm, from the force of which they are quite well protected by circular rubber cloaks, designed especially for cyclists' use.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Japanese Sarcasm.

The growth of Christianity among the Japanese is not without opposition. The Yorodzu Chobo, Tokyo, says: "In the long history of Christendom we know of not a single case of a country saved by it. With Montezuma's Mexico and the incas' Peruvian empire the course of Christendom was absorption, destruction, annihilation. It has killed India, politically at least. It has killed Burma and Anam. It has killed Hawaii, after keeping it alive some 40 years. It has killed Madagascar, and it will yet kill Abyssinia, Egypt and Morocco. What security have we that Christendom will not kill China, Korea and even Japan, if the opportunity offers? Christendom does its destructive work not only by guns and bayonets, but by means much more formidable. It kills non-Christian countries by its rums and whiskies and by its foul diseases."

It Had to Come.

Mrs. Cakebread was entertaining some ladies at a select little 5 o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well behaved, was in high feather.

"Ma," he said as cake was being handed round, "may I have some tongue, please?"

"There isn't any tongue, Bobby."

"That's funny," commented Bobby. "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."—Strand Magazine.

A minister in a Connecticut town is reported to have preached against life insurance so ardently that 100 members of his parish have given up their policies, accepting the pastor's theory that the Lord will provide and that it is wicked to help oneself.

American iron and steel selling in England, American plates in Wales and now American butter in Australia.—Chicago Journal.

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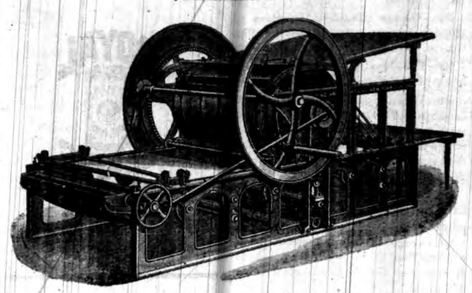
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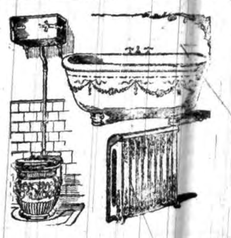
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